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THE GIN MILL PRIMER



A BOOK OF EASY READING LESSONS FOR
CHILDREN OF ALL AGES, ESPECIALLY
FOR BOYS WHO HAVE VOTES.

BY

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*Author of "Motley: Verses Grave and Gay"; the "Up-to-Date
(Single-Tax) Primer," etc.*

TORONTO:

WILLIAM BRIGGS, WESLEY BUILDINGS.

C. W. COATES, Montreal, Que.

S. F. HUESTIS, Halifax, N.S.

1898.

Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year one
thousand eight hundred and ninety-eight, by WILLIAM BRIGGS, at
the Department of Agriculture.

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THE GIN MILL PRIMER.

SECTION I.

DRINK.

LESSON I.

THE RED NOSE.



56 Do you see this Nose? Yes,
58 I see it. One would be blind, of a
59 truth, if he did not see so Plain a
60 Thing. For it is Plain, is it not?
61 It is Big and Red and out of
62 Shape. Was the Man Born with
63 such a Nose as this? No, my
64 dear. As a Child he was fair and
65 had a cute, wee Nose. This is of his own make.
66 It is, as one may say, a Work of Art. It took
67 him quite a long time to make it, and cost him
68 much. I do not think it was worth the Price.
69 But why did the Man spoil a good Nose, and get
70 this vile one in its stead? He was fond of his
71 Glass, you see. This Nose is the ripe Fruit of a
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course of Drink. And this is but one of the



ills Drink does to a Man in his Face and Form. It makes a vast change for the Worse in the Man from Head to Foot, so that what was once a fine straight Form gets to be Bent and Weak, or else Fat and Gross.

LESSON II.

THE CHILD AND THE MAN.

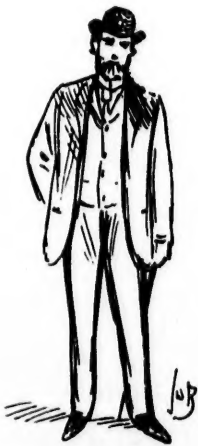


Here, to make it more Plain, we have the Child and the Man. You see what a change there is. The Child is fair of Face, and seems to be full of Joy and Hope, but the Face of the

Man is sad, and bears the Mark of an ill-spent Life. Had the Child been wise and kept clear of Strong Drink, he would have been as fair in his Old Age as in his Youth. His Face might have been Pale, with lines of Care in it, and his Hair as White as Snow, but still he would have had a look of Sweet Calm. The Gray Hair of the Just is a Crown of Life. But Drink mars all. This youth went wrong and got a taste for Rum, and this is what he came to. Is it not a sad Wreck of a fair start? But this is not the worst of Drink's work. It ruins the Soul as well as the Body.

LESSON III.

HOW DRINK KILLS SENSE.



Here is a Man of Good Sense. His Mind is clear and his Heart is kind. He bears Good-Will to all, and seeks to do what is Right. He is known as a Man of Worth in the Town where he lives, and all look up to him. But, lo! see what a change is here! Can this be the same Man? It is, my Child. Yet here he is in a rage. He Jumps and Swears and wants to Fight, and

goes on like a mad Man. What has made such a change in him? Has he gone out of his Mind? Yes, he has for the Time, but it is by his own Act and Will. He has had some Strong Drink. The Vile Stuff acts on the Brain, and soon turns a Man of Sense into a Fool. This is worse than the Red Nose, for he may in his mad state do some Act that will cause his Ruin.



LESSON IV.

BRAINS NO MATCH FOR DRINK.



Here is a Man of Brains. He is known far and wide as one of our great Men. He writes, or plays, or paints, or pleads at the Bar, or sits in the high place of State. He has great gifts, and is one of the lights of the Day. But now look and see the same Man in the next

cut. Mark what Drink has done for him. Here, you see, his Head hangs down, and the bright look is gone from his Face. His Tongue is thick, and when he speaks his Words are void of Sense or full of vile Oaths. He talks like a mere Child, or it may be he just sits in a daze and looks like a Fool. He is apt to Smile or Laugh when there is no cause for it, or he is just as like to shed Tears. In such a state the Man is of no use. He can not do his work, and the mere sight of him is a shame to all who pass by. His great Mind is gone. Drink is an imp of Hell that can touch a Man's Brain and bring to naught all that makes him a Man.



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LESSON V.

FINE FORM GETS THE KNOCK-OUT.



Here we have a Man with a Fine Form. He is full of Life and Strength, and it is a Joy to rest the Eye on him. He stands high in the List of those who have great Skill at Games that call for Strong Limbs and Sound Health. He is a King on the Foot-ball Field, or has a wide Fame in some Sport that calls for a Swift Foot, a Clear Eye and a Strong Frame. It may be he is in the Prize Fight line, and though this is a poor kind of

Work for a man to give his Life to, at least it calls for Good Form so far as the Limbs, Lungs and Heart go. Such a Man must be in what they call the Pink of Shape to go into the Prize

Ring. But a Man in such a Line gets in with a low, vile Gang, and soon gets to love Drink, and Drink has shown, Time on Time, that it is more than a match for the best Man in the Ring. It soon saps the Strength, and clogs the Brain, and takes the Vim out of a Man, and as they say, in the choice tongue of the Sports, it Knocks him Out.



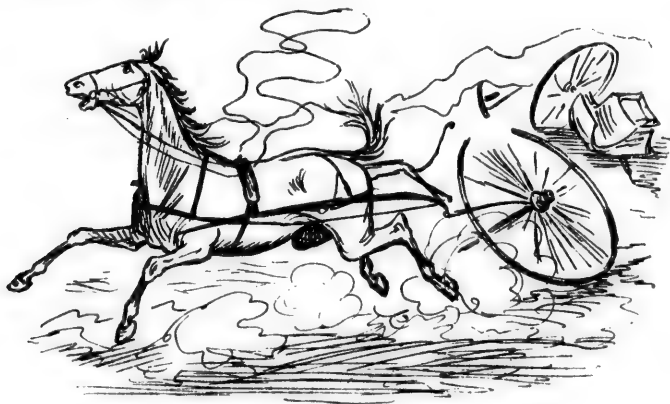
LESSON VI.

THE HORSE THAT GOES WILD.



See this Horse. He has a Bit in his Mouth, and Reins to it. He is a fine Horse, full of Fire and Strength, and so long as the Bit is in the

right place, and you have hold of the Reins, you can guide him as you please, and he will serve you well. But, as you see in the next cut, if the Horse gets the Bit in his Teeth and sees fit to go wild, he may do as he likes. You can not check him. He is apt to dash off and run like the Wind, and you will come to Grief. Now, a man's Brain is just like this Horse.* God gives us Sense, which is a Bit and Rein to guide the Brain, but Drink takes the Sense from us, and so puts the Bit in the Teeth of the wild Horse, and we are, as it were, in the hands of a Will that is not our own.



LESSON VII.

HOW RUM COOKS THE BRAIN.

See this Boy. What has he got? It is an Egg. Will the Boy eat the Egg? I guess he will, for is he not a Boy? Did some one cook

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the Egg for him ? Yes, his good, kind Ma did. How did she cook it ? She put it to boil a short time in a dish on the Stove. An egg is soft when it is raw, and has what we call a Yolk and a White. This White is clear stuff, but when you cook the Egg, it gets quite firm and does not look at all the same. Now, the White part of the Egg is just the same as your

Brain, and the fire that is in Strong Drink will cook your Brain to the same state as heat cooks an Egg. If you wish to prove this, just break an Egg in a glass of Rum, or Rye, or Gin, and you will see how soon it gets hard. My Child, see to it that you keep your Brain as God made it. Be a raw Youth as to your Brain, for it will hatch out no right thought if you cook it, just as you could not have a live Chick out of an Egg that had been set to boil. Shut your Lips tight and keep out Strong Drink, if you would be safe.



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LESSON VIII.

RUM RUINS THE HOME.



What is this? It is a Home. The State is built on the Home, and if we would have a good, free, pure State, we must have Homes of the same kind. From what I have said as to Drink up to this point, it must be clear that it has all to do with the Home, and that Drink must be the one great Foe of the State. The Home, in its turn, is built on the heart and brain of Man, and Drink, as we have seen, makes a dire wreck of these, for it kills love and leads to all kinds of wrong and ill. You see the Man in this cut. He is the head of a Home—if we may so call it. At first it was a true Home, for he had love for his Wife, and peace dwelt with them, and their joy grew as in time there came to them a sweet Babe, and in a few years two

more. Their cup of bliss was full. Love was the light of the place from day to day. But then came the foul Drink Fiend. The Man got to love a glass of beer, and his Wife from time to time would join him in this. It was not long ere both were fond of Strong Drink. They were in chains as bond-slaves, and the Home went to the bad. Rags and filth took the place of the old joy, and now the Man is a dread to each Child. When he comes Home they all run and hide, for he is mad with Drink, and will beat them. His Wife is just as bad, and both spend much of their time in Jail. When they are at Home they fight night and day, and it is, in truth, more like a Den of wild beasts than a Home.

LESSON IX.

DRINK MAKES THE PROUD MAN CRINGE.



Do you see this young Man? He is a Youth of high mind, and proud of his good Name, as he has a right to be. He will do no mean Act, nor will he bow the Knee to any Man. It is grand to see a Youth whose pride is of the right stamp—who is too proud to stoop to what is mean or base, but

who has none of the mere vain pride of Rank or Good Looks. But see the change that has



now come to this young Man! See him with the poor Clothes and wan Face, which has lost its old look of pride. His Hair is rough and his Form is bent; he does not seem to care how he looks. Can it be the same Youth? Yes, it is the same; yet not the same. He now begs from all he meets, with no sense of shame.

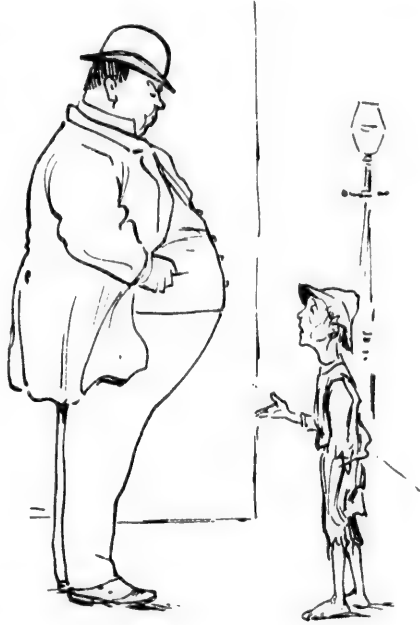
He wants Drink, and will cringe and bow low to get it. He has, as they say, gone to the Dogs, for he is now a poor Slave who has lost all that made him good and brave. Well may we say, what a Wreck is here!

LESSON X.

THE CHILD SENT OUT TO BEG.

Here is a poor Child out on the Street. He begs from those he meets, too, but it is not by his own Will. He is sent out to beg by those who should have no need to send him. But, you see, they want Drink, and their Child is no more to them than a Slave to serve their will. If he does not bring coin to the Den he calls

Home, as the Fruit of his day's toil in the Street, he will be met with kicks and cuffs. He is taught to tell Lies to those he meets, so that they may give Alms, and it will be a rare chance if he does not turn out to be a Thief and a Rogue when he grows up. It is the curse of Drink that has made those who should love and care for this poor Child worse than Brute Beasts, and so long as Drink is sold in Bars, this dire work of ruin will go on.



LESSON XI.

DEATH BY THE ROPE.

Here is a dread Scene. It is that of a poor Wretch who must die by the Rope. The Judge spoke his Doom as it is set down in the Law—to hang by the neck till dead. While he was drunk he slew a Man, and now, to pay for his

ill Deed, he must give up his own Life. He is but one of a long List of Men who have gone the same way, not a few of them Men of kind Hearts, who in their right Minds could have done no such Act. But Drink fires the Brain and turns Men to mad Fiends, so that they know



not and care not what they do. Just think of the flood of Grief that breaks on the Soul of such a Man, when he wakes up to know what he has done! He cries out, "It was the Drink that did it, but the Guilt is mine and I **must** die!" If it was not for the sale of Drink, such Scenes as this would be rare. But the tale of Drink has been one of Woe from the first, and so long as it is sold the Stream of Blood will flow.

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SECTION II.

A PUBLIC EVIL.

LESSON XII.

THE WORDS OF THE JUDGE.



See the grave
Judge on the Bench.
It is he who sent
the poor Man to his
Doom, and a sore
task he found it to
speak the Words of
the Law, for he has
a kind heart. Now
the Judge turns to
the full Court and
speaks. Let us hear
what he says. His

words are: "I have been for long years on the
Bench, and I know the Facts of the Case. I do
not fear to say that Drink is the cause of three-
fourths of all the Crime that we have in this
Land. If an end were put to this Curse, there

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would be but small need for Jails, and Courts might be all but shut up. And, short of Crime that is dealt with by the law, Drink is the cause of as great a share of the Woe and Pain we have in the World as War and Want and Scourge, all three." These are the calm Words of Truth, and are known to be such by all who have Eyes to see the work of Drink as it goes on Day by Day.

LESSON XIII.

DRINK PILES UP THE TAX.



Do you see this Man with the great Load on his back? He groans and sweats, for the weight is so great that he can scarce bear it up. What is the Load? Is it a thing he wants and is glad to have? No; it is not Food nor Clothes; it is a Load of Debt, and he would fain be rid of it. It is what the Drink costs him. Ah, then, it is but right he should bear it, if he will have the Drink. But you are wrong.

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This man does not use Strong Drink at all ; he is a good Man who works hard each Day. It is right that he should pay a fair tax to keep up the State, and he is glad to do so. But this, he says, is not a fair Tax, for the Drink Trade is bad for the State, and it is a shame that good Men should have to pay for that which does naught but ill. He has to pay for Courts, Jails, and so on, much more than they would cost if there was no Drink Trade, and I think he has a good right to Kick. Do you not think so, too ?

LESSON XIV.

THE MARK ON THE DOOR.

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Why do these Folks take fright and run in this way ? What do they fear ? I see no cause for them to show so much dread. Ah, my Child,

you must look once more. Do you not see the Mark on that Door in the shape of a Cross? Yes, I see it; but I see no cause to fear that. Do you not? Then you do not know that it means Small-pox. There is some one in this House who is sick with that Scourge, and these Folks know it means Death, and so they think it well to keep out of the way, lest they catch the ill just by a touch, or from the air near the house. Oh, in that case I do not blame them. They do well to run. I would run, too, if I were in a Place where Small-pox was known to lurk.



LESSON XV.

THE BOARD OF HEALTH.

What Men are these who look so grave? This is what we call the Board of Health. They have heard that Small-pox is in the Town, and are met to take the best means to stamp it out, and so save Life. They do not waste time in fine talk, but get to work at once and use all the aids they know of to meet and drive out the Scourge. It was by the Act of this Board that

the Mark was put on that Door to warn all of the Death that might lurk in the place. They



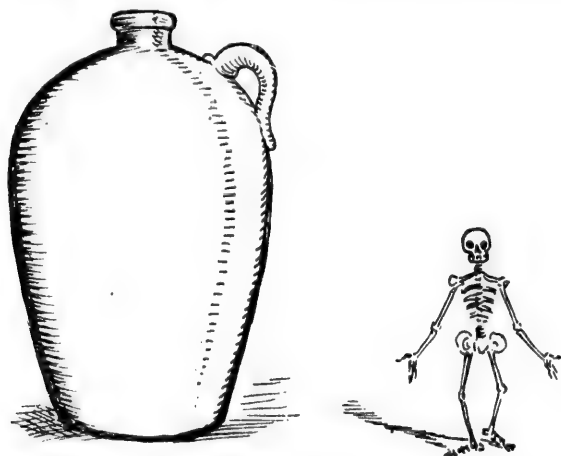
did well, and they will get but praise if they take all means, no odds what the cost may be, to save the Town. We feel that such care is but right, and if they did not show it, the folks of the Town would have good cause to think they had a mad Board of Health, which they would rise and turn out with no loss of Time.

LESSON XVI.

NOT SO BIG AS THE JUG.

This is a queer Scene, you think, my Child, do you not? Yes, I do not know what it may mean. I see a large Jug and a small thing like the Bones of a dead Man's frame. I will tell you what it means, then. It is meant to show

the size of the Drink Scourge when put side by side with that of Small-pox. You have read of all the Woe and Harm done by Drink, and it must be plain to you that Small-pox is by no means so great an ill. Small-pox can but kill the Man, and at most it kills but few, as it is



now held in check by the skill of Boards of Health, nor does it come more than once in a while. The Drink curse is with us all the time, and kills far more Men, and kills them in heart and soul, breaks up homes, slays love and peace, piles up crime, and heaps up cost. By its side, as you see in the cut, Small-pox is but a small thing, and scarce worth a thought.

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LESSON XVII.

POOR SENSE OF THE HIGH COURT.



I think I can tell what this is! Can you, my Dear? Then please tell. It is the Board of Health, met to see what they can do to put an end to the Drink curse, just as they did in the case of the Small-pox. No, my Child, you are wrong. This is not the Board of Health, though it is made up of the same Men. That is what makes it so queer. This is the High Court of the State. It is left to these Men to make the Laws of the Land, and to see that the same are put in force. But you are right in this point, that they are met to deal with the Rum curse. And what, think you, have they made up their minds to do? Oh, I can guess that; they have made a Law to stop it, of course, as they did in the case of the scourge.

Wrong, my Child, I grieve to tell you. They have not done so wise a thing. They have just made a Law to let the Trade in Drink go on and do its work, but they have set terms, to wit, that the Trade must pay to the State each year some of its gains, a part of the price of Blood. It is, in fact, the same as if they had, as a Board of Health, for a price, let some go and spread rags full of the germs all through the Land. Thus, you see, they have made the Jug as right in Law as the School or the Church.

LESSON XVIII.

IS A BUG A BEE?



Do you cry, "Faugh!" and say, "Oh, the vile Bug!" when you look at this? Go slow, my

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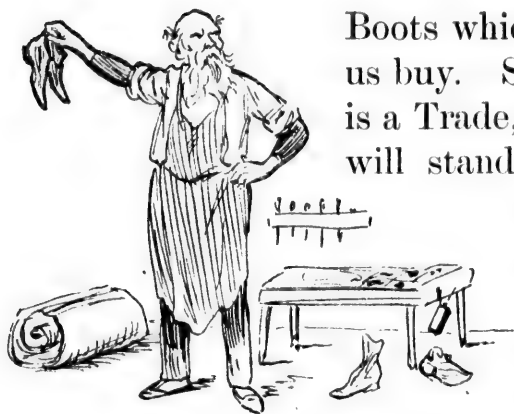
Child. If the Gin Mill is one of the Trades, I do not see why you should call the Bed Bug vile, and scorn to give it a place by the side of the Bee. That is not fair to the poor Bug. You are full of Wrath when you see one of these small Pests, and you may be right. But stop and think. Why do you loathe it? Is it not just for the mean way in which it lives? It grows fat and sleek, though it does no good in the world. It just sucks the Blood of all it can get at. * You may be right to look at it with Scorn, but does the Bed Bug not live in the same way as the Gin Mill? * The Gin Mill Man toils not, nor does he spin, yet he grows fat and sleek. He gets Wealth but gives naught of Good for it, and what is that but to suck blood? So, you see, I am right when I say the Gin Mill is no more a Trade than the Bed Bug is a Bee or an Ant.

LESSON XIX.

LET EACH TRADE SHOW ITS WORK.

Here is a Man who stands for a True Trade. He makes Boots and Shoes, and if we would put him to the test, we say to him, "Let us see some of the Work that you have done." He is proud to do so, and brings forth a pair of new

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Boots which he would have us buy. So, if the Gin Mill is a Trade, let us see how it will stand this Test. We say, "Bring forth some of the Things you have made, and let us look at them."

I do not think

this Trade would be quite so proud to do so. For what would it have to bring forth to our view—just a poor Sot in Rags and Shame, the Wreck of what was once a fair young Lad with a Heart full of Hope ; or a few mean Sticks, the ruin of a Home that was once Rich and Proud. This, or such as this, is all the Gin Mill "Trade" has to show, for the one Work it does in the World is to Kill and Blast.



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SECTION III.

THE GIN MILL.

LESSON XX.

HOW THE GIN MILL WORKS.



This is the Gin Mill at work. It is not just of this shape, as a fact, but this view of it is quite true all the same. The Gin Mill takes the form of a House on the Main Street of the Town. Some of them are Fine and Gay, and are all of a blaze with Gas and Brass and Glass; and some of them are on Side Streets or Lanes, and are Low Down Holes that smell of Filth and Bad Beer. But the work they do, high or

low, is of the same sort, and the cut makes it quite clear. Do the Gin Mills grind Corn? No, my Child, they have to do with Corn Juice. They grind boys and men, and hearts and homes, for they are set up to deal in Drink. You say it must be that they are of some use, though they have Harm in them? Well, my Child, if they serve one good end, I do not know what it is, nor can I find out. All they do is what you see done in this cut. There you have the Gin Mill in full blast. You see pure Boys and clean Men go in at the front door. When they get in, the Drink Fiend gets hold of them, and they are made into Sots you see them come out at the back door, and off they go to work all the Ills I have told you of. What do you think of this Land that knows of God and Christ, and keeps up such a thing as the Gin Mill by force of the Law?

LESSON XXI.

THE MASK OF THE GIN MILL.

Here is a Mask, and a Gross Fat Man has it in front of his Face. The Mask smiles, but the Man's Face looks Grim. Do you see what this means? I am not sure that I do. Then I will tell you. Of course, no Man wants to be a Sot, and so no one would let the Gin Mill grind him

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up if it had a Grim
 Look to him. So, you
 see, the Gin Mill Man
 is Cute, and must catch
 his prey by guile. That
 is why he wears a Mask,
 which has a Look of
 Good-Will and a Smile
 of Good Cheer, while he
 says such soft words as
 "Live and Let Live," or,
 "While we go through
 the World let us have
 a Good Time." What

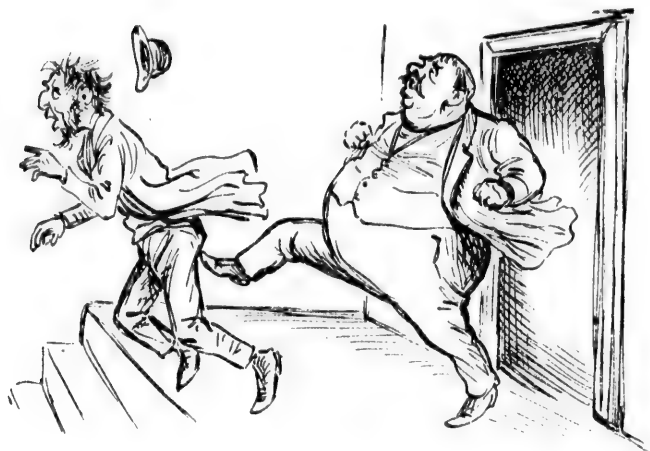
I mean by the Mask is the Light and Warmth
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 fools vast Crowds,
 and they go in to
 the trap. They say
 the Gin Mill is the
 "Poor Man's Club."
 Yes, it is a Club that
 beats out his Brains.
 The Mask may smile,
 but the Gin Mill
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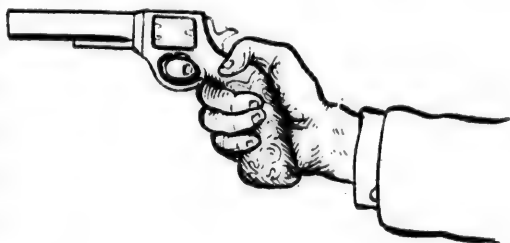
LESSON XXII.

THE GRAND BOUNCE.



Here is a cut to show the good, kind Heart of the Gin Mill which loves the poor Man so much! This is how it deals with a Man when his Cash is all gone, and it can make no more gain out of him. He gets the Grand Bounce, or Kick Out, as they call it. He may have spent his all in the Place, but that makes no Odds with the Gin Mill. Out he must go, to make room for some one who has a Purse, and such a one is sure to be met with a Smile, both Sweet and Bland. You see, the Gin Mill is a Fraud in the kind ways it puts on. It cares not a Jot for God or Man—all it wants is Gold. It is like a Wild Beast that may seem tame and

mild while you pat its Head, but if by chance you should step on its Tail, it will fly at you and tear you Limb from Limb. More than one good Man has been shot by the Gin Mill, to still his voice when he has sought to make it keep the Law.



LESSON XXIII.

HIGH AND LOW GIN MILLS.



Who owns the Gin Mill ? This is the Man who Owns it, and has his name on the sign. You see, he is quite a fine Swell, and has a Plug Hat and a Gold Pin in his tie. He owns the grand bar, which is quite a gay Place, where all the high-up Men of the Town go for their glass. And next I give you a print of the Man who owns the Dive. It is a low place in a back Street, and all the vile Gang go there.



That is where they put up their Plots to Steal and Cheat, and so forth. But though the Gin Mill has these two Wings, it is all one Thing, and I do not know but that more Harm is done by the gay Bar than by the mean Dive. The Work they do is the same—it is to Pull Down all that is Good in Man.

LESSON XXIV.

A NEST OF FOUL BIRDS.



Here is a Nest, but there are queer Birds in it. Yes, this is the Gin Mill put in the form of a Nest, for it is in truth a Nest of Foul Birds. It is the true Home of all that is ill, nice

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though it may look from the Street. This is where all the vile Plots are made, for it is in the Gin Mill that Thief meets Thief, and Boss meets Boss, to put up their Jobs. This is where you will hear Oaths and Foul Talk, and where those who love such Things are quite at Home. The Man who would go into a Gin Mill to drink with his Chums, and would then get down on his Knees ~~to pray~~, or take out the Good Book to read a Verse or two, would be thought Mad. But such a thing to be done in a Dry Goods Store or a Tin Shop, though a bit strange, would be no Shock to us. And why? Well, you see, Stores and Shops are good in God's Sight, and in the Eyes of good Men, they may be as pure as the Church. But it is not so with the Gin Mill, and we all feel it; and no one feels the Truth of this more than the Man who runs the Gin Mill.

LESSON XXV.

THE ONE AIM OF THE GIN MILL.

The Gin Mill has no Heart. It is all Greed.

Birds in It lives for Gold and cares for naught else. The form of Smile it wears is a Lie, meant to serve its own ul Birds. ends. Here in this cut we have one of the ill, nice deeds it does Day by Day and Night by Night.

It robs the Man of what he earns by his Toil. I say it robs him, for to take a Man's Coin or Goods and give him not their worth in some form is to do the Act of a Thief. Now, what does the Gin Mill give a Man for what he pays to it? It gives him Drink—a thing which does him no Good, but much Harm. The Drink just



steals his Brains, and makes his Heart hard and vile, and nerves his Hand for Crime. And think of the pile of Coins the Gin Mill thus steals. In this Land it is found that it takes one-ninth of all that the Man of Toil earns. One Coin out of each nine! All this Wealth goes each year to feed this vile Fiend of Blood. It would be of far more use to take this Wealth and throw it in the sea. What do you think, my Child, of a Land that keeps up the Gin Mill by Law?

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LESSON XXVI.

WHEN THE MASK IS OFF.



Here is a Scene which shows the Heart of the Gin Mill once more. It has no mild way for the Fair Sex, as you might think, but acts the Brute to all, when its Will is set at naught. Here you see the Gin Mill Man, and how he deals with the Wife of the Man who drinks at his Bar. The poor Wife calls to plead with him not to sell Drink to the Man, for he is a Slave to the Cup, and spends all he earns, so that his House is a mean, poor place, bare of all that makes a Home. This Plea would touch the Heart of a Stone, one would think. But it does not move the Heart of the Rum Trade. With a Scowl the Gin Mill Man bids her be gone. He points to the Wall, on which hangs a large card

in a Frame, with a seal to it. "That," says he, "is my Shield. It is the Stamp of the Law which gives me the right to sell Rum, and I will sell to whom I please. Get out of here, or I will throw you out!"

LESSON XXVII.

A BAIT TO CATCH FOOLS.



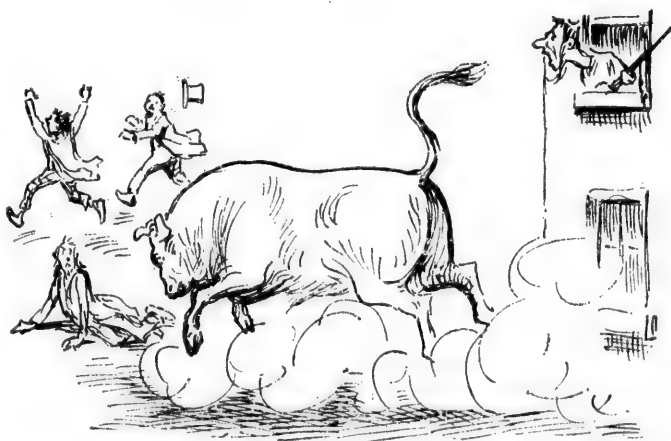
Is this the Gin Mill Man with a Fish Pole? Yes, my Child. Do you see the kind Smile he wears? He looks like that 'cause his Heart is so full of Love to the Fish he wants to catch. This is the Gin Mill Man's Free Lunch Scheme that fools lots of Folks. It looks so kind and good of him to have Free Food in his Bar, and some say the Trade can not be so ill when it is so

says he,
w which
will sell
or I will

kind to the Poor. Ah, my Child, it is all a trick. The Lunch is Free, but if a poor Man goes Day by Day to take a bite, who does not call for a Drink once in a while, you will find out how sweet the Gin Mill Man is. The Lunch is his Bait to catch the Fish, that is all. He is full of Guile, and I tell you once more the Trade is a hard, vile Fiend, that just wears a Mask.

LESSON XXVIII.

HOW TO STOP A MAD BULL.



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What is this ? It is a mad Bull. It is wild with rage, and runs down the Street at full speed, and the Men flee from its Path for their Lives. But do you see the Man up stairs in the House ?

He owns the Bull, and as he looks out he sees it run and hears it roar. He is a good Man, and will save the Lives of the poor Men who run and are in sore Dread. What will he do? Has he a Gun with which he will shoot the Bull? Yes, he has a Gun, and he could shoot it, but he will not. He thinks that is but a poor plan to stop a mad Bull. What then does he do? Why, as you see, he just puts his Head out and yells "Co-boss." What a wise Man he must be! Well, he is as wise, my Child, as the Law which tries to stop the Rum Trade, or to keep it in check by the plan we now have—to make the Gin Mill pay a Fee each year, and close at such and such hours, and to keep such and such rules. It is all in vain, for the Gin Mill is as hard to keep in Bounds as a mad Bull.

LESSON XXIX.

THE GIN MILL LAUGHS AT LAW.

See the Man on the Cask. He breaks through the Hoop and there is a Grin on his Face. Yes, this is the Gin Mill Man, and shows how much he cares for the Law. You can not make a Law that he will keep, for he is a born Foe to

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Face of all Law. If the
Law says he must close his
Bar at ten, he will close the
front Door, and then sell
drink at the back Door. If
it says he must not sell
Drink on the Day of Rest,
he will do it in spite of all.
If it says he is not to sell
to young folks, he pays no
heed, but will sell to all
who wish to buy. He is,
in fact, an Out-law, and
has been such from the
first, the sworn Foe of both
God and Man.



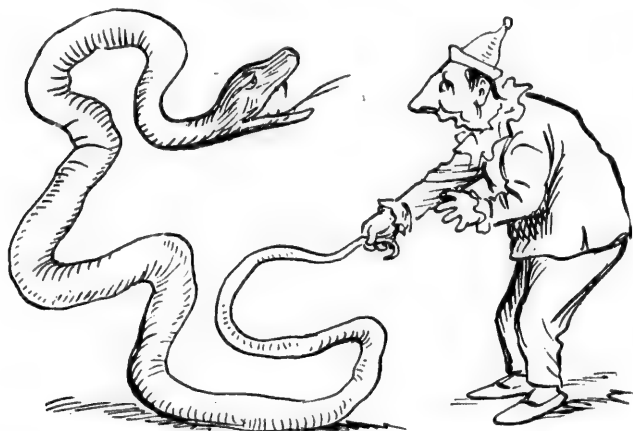
LESSON XXX.

HOW TO RULE A SNAKE.

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Here is a Man we may well call a Fool. See,
he takes hold of the Snake by the tail, and thinks
thus to rule and guide the Vile Thing. But the
Snake is as free to bite as if there was no Man at
its tail, and so it is with the Gin Mill. The Laws
which seek to rule it can not do so, for they

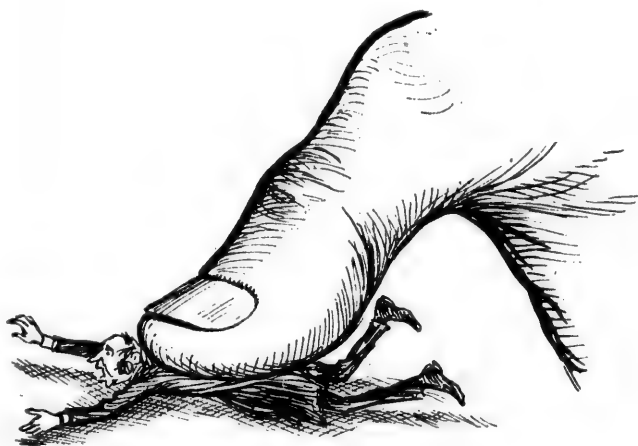
leave its Fangs free. Why, then, does not the State crush its head? That would kill it for sure. Yes, but just at this point you touch on the great Snag. You see, the Gin Mill has a pull. What I mean is, it has a Vote, and it casts



that Vote in such a way as to keep its Friends in power, so that they will make such Laws as suit it. All who will not bow to the will of the Gin Mill are kept out, and as both sides wish to get in, they strive to catch the Vote of the Gin Mill. That is why they let it break the Law as it sees fit, and do not bring it up to time, as they ought to do. I hope this Point is quite clear to you, my Child.

LESSON XXXI.

THE GIN MILL'S THUMB.



What do you take this to be? It is a Thumb, and it is on the strong right hand of the Gin Mill power, and you see the Thumb is made to press down hard, so as to squeeze the wee bit of a Man who lies flat on the ground. Who is this wee Man? That is the Man who makes the Law, the Power we call the State. This cut is meant to show that Men of State are the Slaves of the Gin Mill, and must do its will. This is true on both sides of the House, and that is why the Rum Trade goes on from Year to Year, and does its work of Death through our Land. If a loud call comes to stop the Rum Trade, and cast off its Chains, the Men of State may hear the

cry; but they have more fear of the Gin Mill than of the votes of good Men, so they make but a vain show, just to blind the Eyes of the Foes of Rum.

LESSON XXXII.

THE GIN MILL MAN ON VOTE DAY.



From time to time—it may be once a Year—the Day comes round when there is a call to all who have Votes to go to the Polls and cast them. If the “Trade” is not up for trial at the time, the Gin Mill Man stays at Home, for, as a rule, he cares for no side and seems to have no share in the weal or woe of his Land. But if the Vote has aught to do with Rum, you just ought to see him rush things. He is at it from Morn till Night, and scarce stops for Meals. He

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goes and gets all the Votes he can, by Hook or Crook—most of them by Crook, which means by Bribes of Drink or Cash—and drives them to the Polls. His zeal in a bad Cause should bring the Blush to good Men, who will scarce stir a hand for the right. But, you see, he fights for his Purse. Like the Men of old, who cried out on Paul, his Craft is like to be lost—the Craft by which he gets his Gold. This is what fills him with Zeal, and he is bound to win if Work and Threats and Bribes will do it. And too oft he *does* win.

LESSON XXXIII.

A WORSE GUY FAWKES.

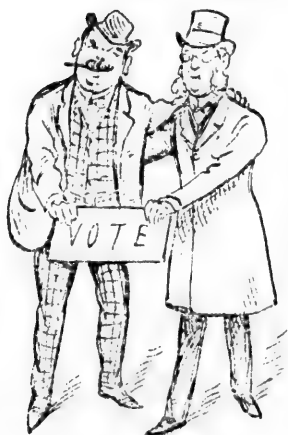


There was once a Man by the name of Guy Fawkes, who made a Plot to blow up the House where the Laws of the King were made, and

thus to kill at one stroke all the King's Friends. Just such a Fiend is the Gin Mill. It is hard at work all the while, and does its best to bring to naught all the good work done by the Home, the Church and the School. Its one aim is Gold, and to get this it will stop at no Deed, no odds how Black. The Bar Room may look gay, and its Boss may smile and seem to be full of Good Cheer, but let the Law once rub the Fur of this Cat the wrong way, and you will soon see its Teeth and its Claws. If it came to the point of Life or Death with the Gin Mill, it would not think twice of such a Deed as that of Guy Fawkes. More than one brave, good Man has been shot by this Fiend.

LESSON XXXIV.

IN LEAGUE WITH THE GIN MILL.



Oh, see the two Men arm in arm, and they both have hold of the same card, on which is the word "Vote." Right, my Child, but do you know who they are? Yes, it is plain that one of them is the Man who is for Rum. I can tell the Gin Mill Man at once, but

Friends. — oh, to be sure, the—why! it is the Man who goes to our church! This is too bad, for he is a good, clean Man, who would not be seen on the Street with the Gin Mill Man! No, but he is seen at the Polls with him, and casts the same Vote, does he not? That is what the cut hits at, and it is true. This good Man prays that the Drink Curse may cease, and then he goes and votes just the same as the Man who sells Drink. What do you think of that for good sense, my Child!

LESSON XXXV.

WHEN WILL HE GET THERE?

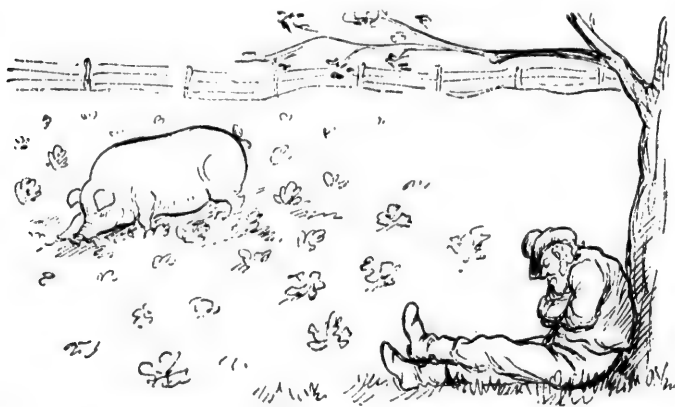


Take a good look at this Man, and tell me if you know him. Yes, I do; it is the church Man once more. But what do you mean by this cut where he stands on two Men? I will tell you. You see, he is on his way up hill to where the Law is made that will end the Gin Mill. No, I do not see that, for the Men do not go that way, but

go down the hill. Just so. What I mean is, he *says* he wants to go up hill ; he says so in Church and when he prays at Home. But this is how he *acts*. What he says is of no weight ; it is his Vote that counts, and he casts his Vote in such a way as to go down hill, as you see him here. If he wants to go up the hill, he ought to turn the Men round or get off and walk. But it takes a brave Man to do that, and I fear this good Man is not brave, my Child !

LESSON XXXVI.

CHURCH, STATE, GIN MILL & Co.



There are two things in league with the Gin Mill Man in the Drink Trade ; they are the Church Vote and the State. If there was a strange Hog in your Yard, and you had the

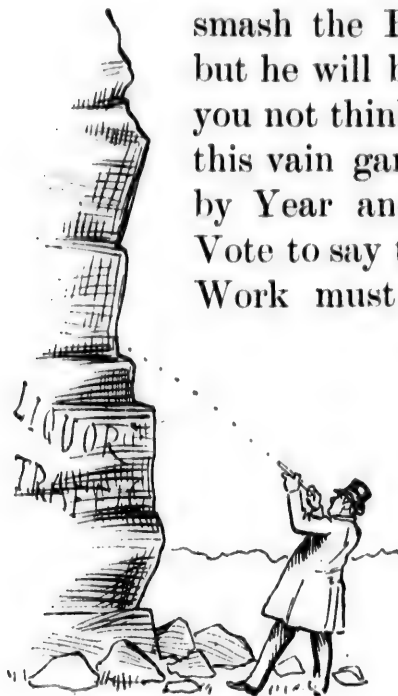
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strength to drive it out and you did not do so, who would be to blame for the ill the Hog did? I would, of course. If I let it go on and root up the Yard, it would show I did not care to use my will, and it would be all my fault. Well said, my Child. And such is the case with the Church Vote and the Gin Mill. The Church is made up of Men who have Votes, and if these Votes were cast as they might be, and as the Church says they ought to be, the Gin Mill would be put an end to at once. But the Church Vote goes as the Rum Vote does, and so I say the Church Vote is and must be all this time in league with the Gin Mill. As to the State, when it takes a Fee to give the Gin Mill the right to go on, and thus shares the price of Blood, there can be no doubt that it is in the league, too.

LESSON XXXVII.

THE POP GUN AND THE ROCK.

Do you see this good and wise Man? Yes, I see him, but I can not tell just what he is at. I see he has a Pop Gun in his hand, and shoots Peas at the face of a big Rock. Who is he, and what does he mean? This Man stands for the Church Vote, my Child, and the Rock is the Law on which the Gin Mill is built. It is his aim to



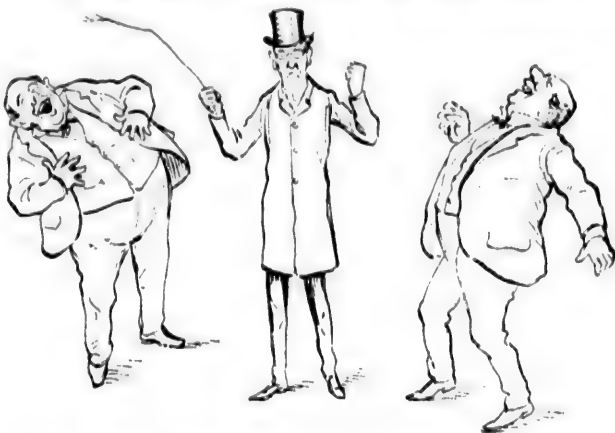
smash the Rock with his Pop Gun, but he will be a long time at it. Do you not think so? The Church plays this vain game, when it meets Year by Year and sends forth a long Vote to say that the Gin Mill and its Work must stop in this land, but does not see to it that each Man whose name is on the Church Roll shall vote the same way when he goes to the Poll. Talk does no more harm to the Gin Mill than Peas do to a vast Rock.

LESSON XXXVIII.

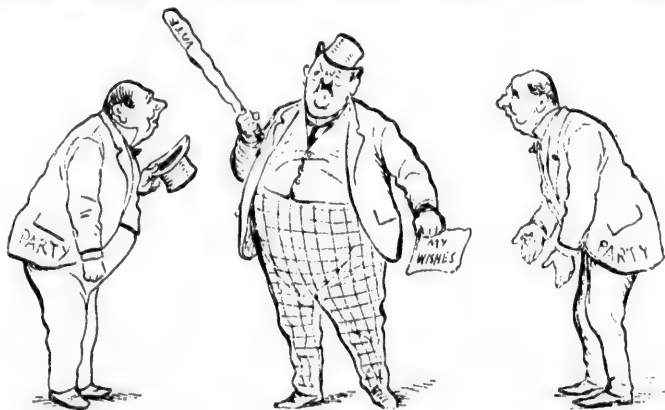
THE STRAW AND THE CLUB.

See these two Men laugh. It must be a good Joke, for they laugh long and loud. Yes, the mild old Gent makes them smile. They are the head Men of the two Part-ies in the State, and they thus make game of the good old Man. His name is Church Vote. He comes to them, and says he wants an end put to the vile Gin Mill. They tell him to wait for a while and it will be

all right, their hearts are with him, and a lot more soft talk like this. But at last the old Man



calls a halt, and says they must act as well as talk, or he will make them. This is where the laugh comes in. They know that what he means is, he will beat them with a Straw ; that is to say, he will Fume and Threat, and then go and vote as he has done each Year. But see, what a



change is here ! Note how the same two Chiefs bow to the Gin Mill Man, and say, "Tell us

what you want and you shall have it!" Why do they not laugh at *him*? They know he means what he says, and will vote that way. He wields a Club, not a Straw, and hence their change of air.

LESSON XXXIX.

HE ENDS IN THE BUT.



This, my Child, is what they call a But, and you may see the Legs and Feet of a Man stick up out of it. Yes, I see. It looks as if the Man had gone in with a plunge and would drown, for see the Spray flies from the But. It is just as you say, my Child. The Man is as good as dead, of a truth. This Man is the Church Vote as it is on the day

that Folks go to the Polls. That, as you know, is the one Day of all the Year that counts. For, as I have said, you may Talk and Pray and Rave from morn till night on the Gin Mill and its work, but it all goes for naught if you do not

back it up with your Vote. This is where the Church fails, for the Men of the Church, who join to blame the Gin Mill, when it comes to vote day, part and go off each with their own side, and vote Straight, as they call it; that is, they vote for two Part-ies which are both in League with the Gin Mill. They say, we know we ought to vote so as to kill this Trade, but— This is where they plunge into the But. They mean, But it will hurt our side if we do so, or, my Vote will not count, or, the wrong side may win if I do, and so on. They drown in the But, you see.

LESSON XL.

IN THE GIN MILL'S CLUTCH.



Oh, see the big, fat Man, and the two small dolls! He has them in his Hands, and walks off with them. Yes, this is the true state of the Case, my Child, sad though it be to say so. The fat Man

is the Gin Mill, and what you call the two Dolls are the Men of the Church who stick to the Old

Part-ies. On vote Days, when the Fate of the Gin Mill is in view, this is what takes place. The Gin Mill Men drop all else, and vote as one Man for those who will stand by the Trade. If the Church Men did the same, and went as one Man for those who would kill the Trade, they could beat the Gin Mill, for they have far more Votes. But, you see, they split, for each Church Vote sticks to his own side, and so it comes to pass that the Gin Mill Man wins the Day. He just walks off, as you see him here, with both the Church Votes.

LESSON XLI.

THE CUTE BOW-WOWS.



Oh, see the two smart Dogs! How cute they are! They sit up on their hind Legs, and

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watch with care so that they may do just what the Fat Man tells them. Do you know who the Fat Man is, my Child? Oh, yes, I know him well now; he is the Gin Mill Man. Right. And I may tell you the two Dogs stand for the two Part-ies in the State, while the Man in the back is the Church Vote. "It is most queer," says this grave Man. "Those Dogs know me quite well, and yet they will not do a thing for me. I may coax and scold just as I please, but they will not move a Paw for me. But when the Gin Mill Man comes up they will do all he asks—sit up, lie down, bark, beg, and go through all their Tricks! It seems most strange!" But it is not strange at all, my Child. You see, these Dogs fear the Gin Mill Man, for they know he will whip them if they do not do as he bids; but they have no fear of the Church Vote. Hence, as they may say in their Dog Talk, they "don't have to" do as he wants them to.



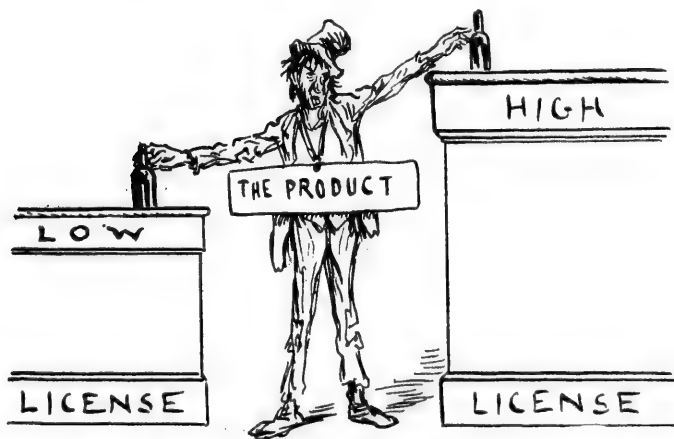
How cute
legs, and

SECTION IV.

THE CURE FOR THE EVIL.

LESSON XLII.

A HIGH TAX IS NO CURE.



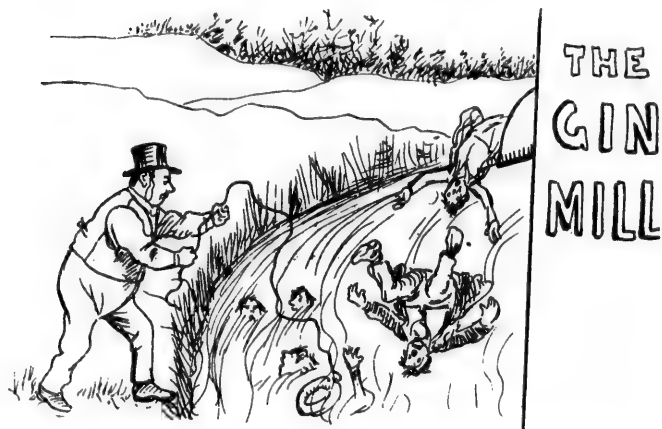
Some wise Man of late thought he had found a cure for the Gin Mill. Said he: "The thing to do is to make the Tax each Year high; the low Tax is the cause of all the woe." And so in some lands they put up the Tax. But strange to say, the work of Death went right on, and it was found that Rum was just as bad from a high

Bar as from a low one. Some Gin Mills were shut right up, but those that were left could meet all calls. This wise Man was, I should think, the same Man they tell of, who sought to keep a Cat out of his Shed, where she went Night by Night and stole his Milk. There was a Hole in the Shed where the Cat went in, and this Man of Wit said, "I must stop up that Hole," and he did it. But how? Why, he put a length of Stove Pipe in the Hole, and then when he found that the Cat still got through and drank the Milk, he was in a daze. Do you say he was a Fool? My Child, you should not call our Men of State hard Names.



LESSON XLIII.

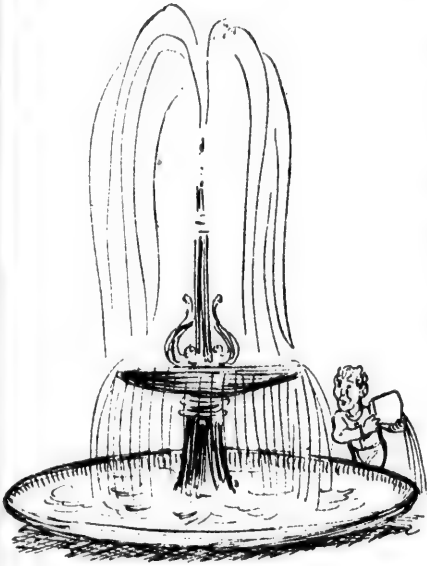
A WORK WITH NO END.



Some good Men say the right work to do is to save those who are the Slaves of Drink, so they spend their time in this work. They plead with Sots to give up the Cup and sign the Pledge. And some go and spread the glad news of the Gold Cure, which they say can rid a Man of the taste for Drink. This is all well, but there will be no end to such work so long as the Gin Mill goes on, for it turns out Sots so fast that you can not keep up with it. It makes ten or a score while you save one. So it seems to me quite clear that, while we do all we can to pull the poor Drink Slaves from the Stream, we must by all means shut up the Mill that throws them in. There is no good Man who does not now take this view, though for a long time some shut their Eyes to it.

LESSON XLIV.

TURN OFF THE TAP.

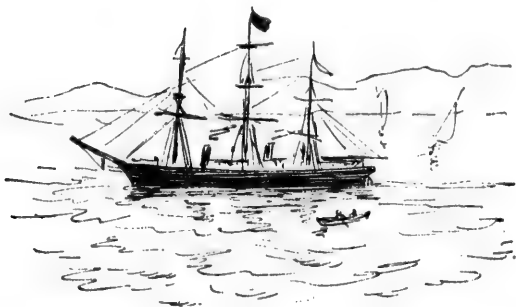


See this Boy with the Tin Pail. Yes ; does he want to get a Drink ? No, that is not his aim ; he seeks to bail out the Fount. How long will it take him to do it, do you think ? I guess he will work all his life and still fail, for can he not see that the stream spouts up from the

Fount all the while ? If he would bail out the great Pan, he must first turn off the flow at the Tap. Of course he must. And just so it is with the Stream of Rum. We must break up the source of Rum and Beer, and stop the sale and keep it out of our Land at all the Ports ; then we may hope to save our Sots, and keep our Youths free from the Drink curse. Each plan that has been put in force has been but a waste of time. Let us now go at it and act like Men of Sense. Why should we not deal with the Gin Mill curse as we do with the Small-pox Scourge, which is not half so great ?

LESSON XLV.

MEET JUG-POX LIKE SMALL-POX.



See the Ship.
It has a black
Flag with a skull
and cross-bones
on it. It is a
Ship of Death,
and they will not
let it come to the

Dock, but make it stay far out at Sea. It has Small-pox on board, and the Law says it must not come nigh the shore. What we need is a Law like this to keep Rum, and Rye, and Gin, and all the rest of the strong Drinks out of our Land. We now have such a Law to guard us from more ills than Small-pox. We do not let bad Men bring in vile Books, but what vile Book could do the harm that Drink does? We have, in fact, kept out some things that are not vile by a Tax on them so high that it does not pay to bring them in. So, you see, it would not be hard to keep out the Rum Fiend if we just made up our minds to do it. That is the first point in the plan by which we meet and thwart Small-pox, and we now come to the next.

LESSON XLVI.

CLEAN OUT THE JUG-POX HAUNTS.



Here you see the Men hard at work, and it is a grand sight! They smash in the heads of the Casks and let the Rum flow into the Ditch, which is the right place for it. This is the next part of the plan, for in the case of Small-pox they take those who are sick out of the House to a safe and clean place, and then they take pains to kill the germs of the scourge by Drugs and Smoke, which they put all through it. This is what we must do with the Gin Mill—clear it out, and then let the House be put to some form of Trade that is clean and good. When I say the Gin Mill, I mean the big, rich Mills, where they brew Beer and make Rum, as well as the Bars where they sell it. The whole thing must be swept out clean to get rid of the Curse for good.

LESSON XLVII.

THE TRUE LYMPH FOR JUG-POX.



Let us now pass on to the next point in the plan by which we fight Small-pox. First, we keep out the Ships which have Small-pox or Rum on board; next, we clear out each place where Small-pox lurks, or Rum is made or sold; third, we take the sick to a safe, clean place to treat them; and fourth, those who are not yet ill have Lymph put in their arms which has the power to ward off the fell scourge. So, when once we have put a stop to the sale of Rum, we may take those who are Slaves to it and give them the Gold Cure with some fair hope, as the Traps by which they now fall back will then be out of the way. And on the young who are as yet free from the taste we will use the Lymph, by which I mean, we will teach them in School and

through the Church the truths they ought to know of this fell thing we call Rum. See the young folks in the cut as they march with flags. These show the means we have, and when the Gin Mill is dead and gone, the good work will go on in a way that we have not yet known. Thus, you see, the plan we use for Small-pox is in all points the plan we may use to kill the Gin Mill and its work.

LESSON XLVIII.

WHO OUGHT TO BE PAID?



Why does this fat Man howl and rave? He is in a state of great wrath, my Child. Yes, he seems to be in a rage. I will tell you why. He says it is a shame for us to talk of such a plan, and wants to know who will pay him for the loss of his "Trade," if we thus clean it out. Well, for my part, I feel that we ought to ask him, who is to pay for the ill work he has done so long in the Land; the Homes and Hearts he has slain, and the Cash he has got all this time from the wage of the poor Man, for which he gave naught that was worth it? That point meets his point. But

we will not halt at such a cry, if it comes to the worst. We must get rid of the Gin Mill, and if it is the voice of the Land that we ought to pay, my view is that it is worth our while to yield the point. It will cost less, of a truth, than it will to let the scourge go on, though I still say, the Gin Mill Man has no right to be paid, and shows vast Gall to ask such a thing. But Gall is his stock-in-trade.

LESSON XLIX.

A LAME CAUSE.



Oh, just look at this poor Man! Is it not a sad case? He has not a Leg to stand on. In this he is just like the sad case of the Gin Mill Trade. When the cause is brought up for the clear view those who think there is not a thing to be said for it, and no one can give a good cause why it should not be put an end to.

“Have you aught to say why you should not be put to death?” says the

Judge to the Wretch in the Dock, and it is a rare case when he can say no word for his own life. But the Gin Mill stands dumb at the Bar, or it strives to hold up its own cause with such pleas as have no weight in them. A charge is laid at its door, that it is now, and has been from the first, a foul Fiend that robs, kills and pulls down all that is good in Man, in the State, the Church and the School, and that it does no jot of good to make up for this harm. What does it say to this charge? Let us hear the plea it makes.

LESSON L.

THE SPEECH OF THE LOOSE FISH.



See the Fish. It has two Feet, and it stands up to make a speech. But a Fish has Fins and not Feet, and a Fish can not talk. You are wrong, my Child. This sort of Fish has a great gift of the gab. This, you must know, is what we call the Loose Fish, and he stands up to make a plea for the Gin

Mill. You will catch none but Loose Fish at such a job. Well, what does he say? To boil it all down, it comes to this: first, that Men have a born right to drink what they please, and it is not just that Men who do not drink too much should have to give up their dear Gin Mill just to save those who go too far; and in the next place, it is of no use to pass a law to stop the Drink Trade, for such a law will not work. The Gin Mill Man will break through it, and no one will do more than laugh when he does so, for such a law is felt not to be right. This is the sum of all he says; all the rest is mere wind, for, as a rule, it is a Wind Mill that talks for the Gin Mill. If this Man told the plain truth he would say: "We will not have such a law, and this is why: first, those of us who keep Gin Mills find them a quick road to wealth, and all we care for is Gold; and next, those of us who use Gin Mills love Drink, and are bound to have it, we care not who may be hurt." That is the truth in a nut-shell, but the Loose Fish dare not put it in this bald style.

MEN MAY EAT OR



The Man goes to us step up and hear bad meat," he says strong taint in it. and with a vile smell I have a taste for. Give me two pounds says the Man of the me sell such Meat. Queer Chap; "what I eat or drink? I please." "True," s have, and the law eat bad Meat, but such, which is by n

LESSON LI.

MAY EAT OR DRINK WHAT THEY PLEASE.



The Man goes to the Pork Shop to buy. Let
up and hear what he says. "I want some
meat," he says; "it must be bad, with a
taint in it. I would like it well fly-blown
with a vile smell. That is the sort of meat
I have a taste for. I will pay you the price.
Give me two pounds of it." "I can not do so,"
says the Man of the Shop; "the law will not let
me sell such Meat." "Hang the law," cries the
other Chap; "what has the law to do with what
I eat or drink? I have a right to eat what I
like." "True," says the Pork Man, "so you
say, and the law does not say that you shall not
eat bad Meat, but it does say I shall not sell
it, which is by no means the same thing." So

it is with this Gin Mill law we ask for. It is the sale of Strong Drink we would stop; we do not ask for a law to say what Men shall or shall not drink, but what they shall or shall not sell. But how shall a Man drink what he likes if he can not get it to buy? I do not know, my Child. That is for him to find out. All I know is he has no right to ask the State to set up a shop in which he may buy bad meat or Strong Drink, though he may have a great taste for such things. So much for the first point in the speech of the Loose Fish.

LESSON LII.

THE WILL OF THE STATE.



Do you see the small Boy make fun of the Cop? He does not seem to fear, though the big

Man in the blue Coat says he has come to take him to Jail. The Boy laughs with glee and runs off, for he sees by the smile on the Cop's face that he does not mean it; he is just in fun. This is why the laws made to curb the Gin Mill have done such poor work. Those who have been set to put them in force have had no heart for the job, and that is why the Gin Mill Man has had no fear of the law in his eyes. That, too, is why there have been so few to care how such laws were kept all through the land, when they knew that Drink was still made and sold and brought in all round them. But it will not be the same when once the whole Land has said by a vote that the Drink Trade shall cease, and when the Men of State have said that that Will shall be put in force by law. It is not so hard to guard a whole Land as to care for spots here and there. Let us then work to make the Vote so great and strong that no Man of State will be in doubt that the Land means to be free from the Drink Curse.

a Land to place Gin Mill Traps on the Streets of all our Towns so as to tempt those who are weak? It is oft said by the Gin Mill Crew that you can not make Men good or pure by Law, and no one said you could. To make a man pure you must get at his Heart. But though you can not make Folks pure, you can make them Drunk by Law, and that is what is now done, and it is the thing we wish to stop. It is the true sphere of the Law to keep the Path of Life clear, and to make it hard for Men to go wrong. Hence we say the Gin Mill must be swept out of the way.

LESSON LIV.

THE GIN MILL QUACK.



Here you have a cut of a Quack or Fraud. There are Men in the Church who are not what they would have the World think them to be. They seem to live two lives—one good and one bad. We do not spare the mean Wretch who harms the cause of the Church in this way, but the Man in the cut is not a Church Man. The Gin

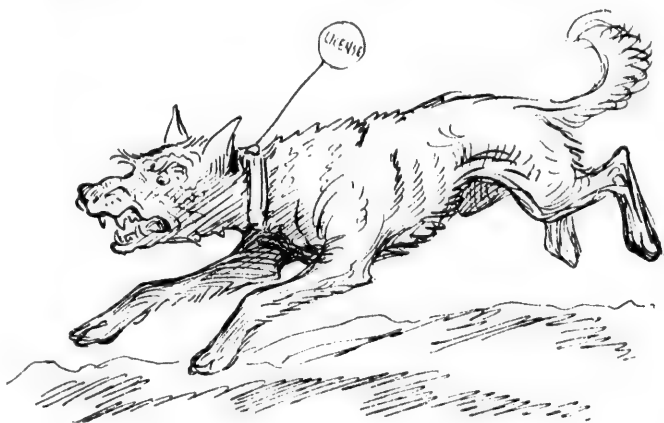
Mill has its Fraud of the long face, too, who is full of cant. This is the Man who says he is down on such a law as we seek, for he fears it would cause Men to sneak and lie ; he is a Friend of the Gin Mill. Though he says he scorns the Man who would get drunk, yet far more he seems to scorn those who do not drink at all. He points out that the Good Book says good Men of old drank wine, and from this he holds the Trade, as we have it now, a just and right one. He goes on to say that to tempt Men with the Gin Mill Trap is the way to call out their strength, and to make them sound in Heart. All this is pure cant, and there is naught to choose twixt this poor Fraud and the one we hear so much of in the Church. Of the two, in fact, the Gin Mill long-face is the worse, and the Woods are full of such just now, my Child.

LESSON LV.

WHY KEEP A WOLF ?

See this wild Beast run. It is a Wolf. Does it not look fierce ? Its Eye is wild and its Teeth sharp, and it lives but to kill and to tear all that it can get at. No Chain yet made can hold it in check. The one thing to do with a wild Beast

like this is to kill it. It is of no use to Man, and so it would not pay to keep it, even if that could be done. A Man of sense may keep a Dog, for Dogs have a use. It may be that some of them are fierce, yet some are good and kind. Not so with Wolves. The Wolf has not one good point

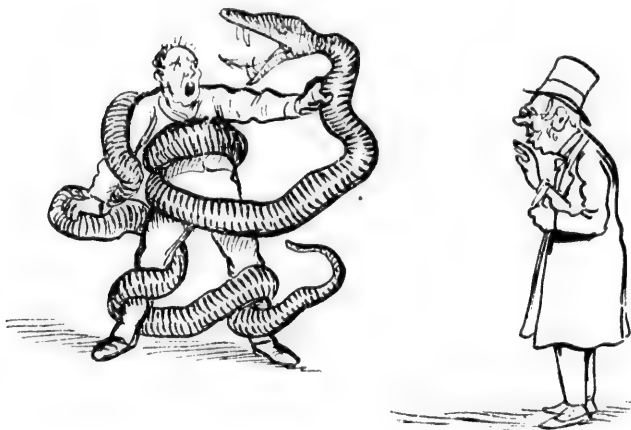


to it, and can not be made of use to Man. In this it is just like the Gin Mill, and it would be as wise for a Man to keep a Wolf in his house as it is for the State to keep up the Gin Mill. Now that we have a chance with our Votes, let us put an end to this fierce Trade that has so long run wild in our Land, and has slain scores on scores of our Sons.

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LESSON LVI.

WHY NOT BE CALM ?

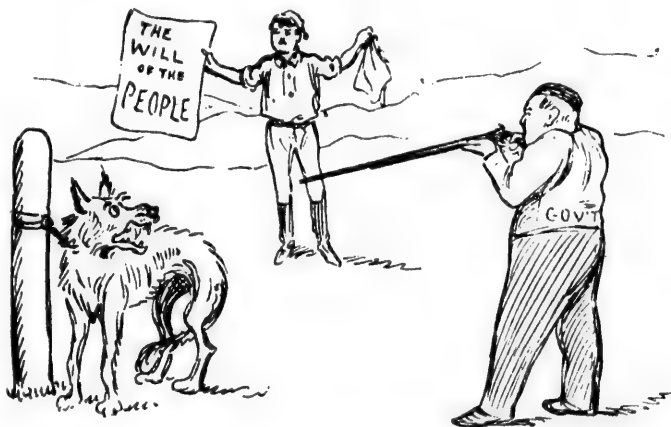


See this Man. He is in the coils of a huge Snake, which will soon crush him to death. What, think you, would this poor Chap say if some one were to come up and talk to him thus : “ My Friend, keep cool. Do not cry out in such a way, nor use such strong terms. Try and take a calm view of the Case. True, that Snake is not what one might call a nice thing to have to deal with, and I do not doubt it will kill you ere long; but pray, do show good sense. You should not try to kill the Snake by the hard, tight squeeze of your Hand, for it can not be done, and each squeeze you give will just cause the Snake to bite the more. What you ought to do, my

Man, is to make terms with your Foe if you can. It will be wise for you to let it crush you some, as that will keep it in a mild frame of mind, and then it may not do you to death for a long time !” You say this is the talk of a Fool ; yet is not this what Men say when they ask us to keep still on the work of the Gin Mill, or when they vote for laws that will hedge it round so that, as they say, it will do less harm ? We have found that such laws do not work. There is but one wise course in this case, and that is to slay the Snake.

LESSON LVII.

GIVE THE WORD !



Here you see the Wolf tied to the Post, and a Man who takes aim at him with a Gun. Has

he shot the Wolf? Not yet; he just waits for the word. Who is to give him the word? The Man who stands by and holds the Vote in his Hand. The Men who now rule this Land have left it to us to say shoot or not shoot; we have their Pledge that they will do our will. Can there be a doubt as to what we should do? We may give the word to put an end to the Gin Mill. No Land has such a chance as we now have. If we prove true we will do such a Day's work with our Vote as will turn the Eyes of all the World on us, for our Vote shall say, once and for all, the Gin Mill must go!

THE END.

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APPENDIX.

Extract from speech of President of Ohio Liquor League, at annual convention, quoted by John G. Woolley, in address at Boston, March 19, 1897:

"It will appear from these facts, gentlemen, that the success of our business is dependent largely upon the creation of appetite for drink. Men who drink liquor, like others, will die, and if there is no new appetite created, our counters will be empty, as will be our coffers. Our children will go hungry, or we must change our business to some other more remunerative. The open field for the creation of this appetite is among the boys. After men have grown and their habits are formed, they rarely ever change in this regard. It will be needful, therefore, that missionary work be done among the boys, and I make the suggestion, gentlemen, that nickels expended in treats to the boys now will return in dollars to your tills after the appetite has been formed. Above all things, create appetite."

[It has been denied that these words were actually spoken by the President of the Ohio Liquor League. Perhaps they were not. But that they truly voice the essential spirit of the liquor traffic is beyond all question.]

What can we do about the revenue? My reply is, "If the revenue offend thee, cut it off, for it is profitable

for thee to do right with a deficit rather than go to hell with a surplus."—*J. G. Woolley.*

"The only way for moral men to make government moral is by law."—*Woolley.*

The true test of a system is this: Would Christ approve it? The true test of a law is this: Is it in harmony with the spirit and purpose of Christ? The nation as well as the individual must abide by that test. It is for all time, for all persons, for all situations.—*Voice.*

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